

HO, FOR THE BOOM!

February's First Week.

WAR

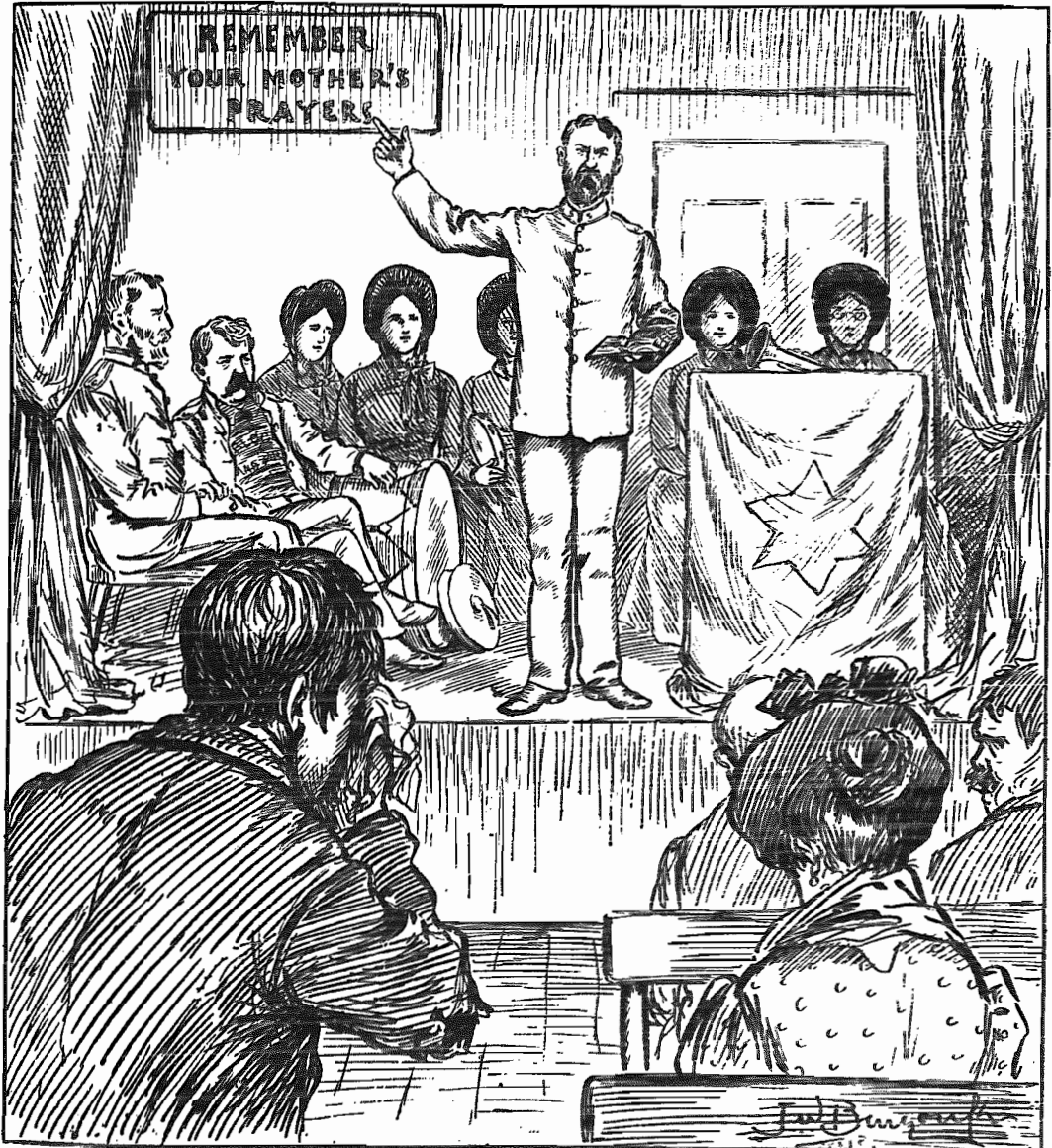
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VOL. XII. No. 15 [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.]

TORONTO, JAN. 11. 1896.

[HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS



SAVED THROUGH THE MOTTO ON THE WALL.

(SEE MAJOR FRIEDRICH'S POEM)

Practical and Scriptural Holiness.

By V. D. DAVID, Tamil Evangelist.

If you do not read this without having the Bible in your hand, a word with God to teach you the truth.

(1) "A two-fold error in their hands."—Psalm 119:11.
(2) "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills."—Psalm 121:1.

PART I.

Before I speak to you about holiness, I want to pick a few questions. Which sins must your sins are forgiven? 2.—Have you got assurance? If God calls you while you are reading this tract are you prepared to meet Him? 3.—You are the friend with whom I would like to speak on holiness. I want to tell you you must be very careful not to begin to read this with a wrong idea first. You must read it prayerfully, the God must send it to you, laying your Bible at hand to refer to all the verses I quote. I also ask you not to measure this with your own experience, or with other people's experience, or with your minister's said, or with any other man's explanation, but only with the word of God. If you observe these things, you will know the truth, and the truth will make you free.

Now, holiness is not partial, but perfect. Many believers seem to think our holiness is not perfect, that it does not do perfectly. This is an unpardonable sin when you die, you will die in your sins, and still you are an unpardonable sinner after your death. Death only puts an end to your sins, it does not remove your sins. God says, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect."—Matt. 5, 48. When I say Christians must have a perfect sanctification, I mean only a Christian perfection, as far as God requires of him. There is God's perfection, which Christians cannot reach, nor does God require them to reach. What is God's perfection? It is absolute perfection. Nothing can be added to it. Nothing can be taken away from it. Perfect holiness. Angels are also perfect, but not in comparison with God's perfection, for He charges them with folly.—Job 4, 18. You see, God's perfection is not the standard of God's perfection. Christians' perfection is according to the following verses:—

"Let us therefore as many as are perfect, be thus minded."—1 Cor. 13:10. We have already attained, let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing."—Phil. 3, 15-16. I will give you an illustration that you may understand it. A child is one perfect boy, or a perfect man, only a perfect child. This child not being a perfect boy or a perfect man does not alter the perfection. If it is perfect, it is only a difference in maturity, but not in quality. Just in the same way a Christian's perfection can be understood. Some are perfect as a one-year-old child; some as a boy; some as a perfect man, and some are perfect as an old man. All are perfect, only differing in growth, as the child is as perfect as the old man of ninety. Where do you see a difference? Do you find any difference in the perfection? No; but the only difference is in the growth. God does not say so in respect to perfection; but He says, "Let us go on unto perfection."—Heb. 6, 1.

An apple is a perfect apple from the beginning, the only difference being in its size. How will you say when it is small? Will you say it is a baby apple? No, for the apple is as perfect when it is small as when it is big. So God's command, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect," is not wrong at all, although you are not yet perfect. God's truth is truth. "God is true."—2 Cor. 1, 18.

I will give you some verses about perfection: "God makes you perfect."—Heb. 13, 21. "We may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus."—Col. 1, 28. "Herein is our love made perfect, that as He is, so are we."—1 John, 4, 17. Who are? Believers are perfect in love, even as Christ is, not in the

measure as He is, but perfect in quality. You see "He is," "We are" both in the present tense; that is while believers are in this present life.

Now, I will tell you how far the growth of perfection goes. God requires that we should grow in perfection to perfection. "Till we come unto a perfect man—unto the fulfiling of Christ."—Eph. 4, 13. Now you know where your sanctification should begin, it begins with perfection and ends with perfection. It begins from a perfect child and ends with a perfect man, Christ. You may say when do we find we are babes in holiness? "Babes in Christ"—1 Cor. 3, 1. Although babes are not perfect as adults, they are not as strong. No difference in perfection, but in strength. Now, sanctification is not imputed, but it is imparted. If you read the following words, you will see God commands to be holy. So it must be done through sanctification. I shall command it. I do not mean it. "Be ye holy as I am holy."—1 Peter, 1, 16. "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect."—Matt. 5, 48. "It is the will of God, over your sanctification."—"For God hath not called us unto uncleanness, but unto holiness."—1 Thes. 4, 3-7. "We are as He is."—1 John 4, 17. This is the word of God's holiness, and these texts command that you should be holy; if it were imputed holiness there would be no command. You will say, how is that? Christ is our sanctification. That is what I read from 1 Cor. 1, 30. How is He going to be our sanctification? Do you think you may sin and His sanctification will come and cover your sins as that? No, it is not so. You think the verse means that? Christ our sanctification! If it is the case God would not have commanded "Be ye holy." He would have said, "We are holy, without which with all men and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord."—Heb. 12, 14. "Perfect in holiness."—2 Cor. 7, 1. "Ye have your fruit unto holiness."—Rom. 6, 22. How do you account for it? The verse says "If you sanctification is imputed?"

(To be continued.)

From the Windsor D. O.

A PRESENT FROM COXEY'S ARMY.

SPENT 8-D. SUNDAY in Bridge-town. Had a good day. On Monday we drove through the mud and rain to Lawrenceville, but when we got there found them owing to the storm it would be useless to attempt holding a meeting.

HELD A COUPLE of meetings at Annapolis. Found a lot of sinners. A letter from my father. Had a chat with Capt. Miller's sister, whom I've believed to see an officer some of these days.

MRS. CARLIN was all smiles when I came up to the station to say "How do ye do" to her, in passing through Kentville. I tell you, some of our circle corps "braves" are doing wonders this year. One Isaac, on Kentville full of his faith. Had a chat with Capt. Miller's sister, whom I've believed to see an officer some of these days.

HELD A COUPLE of meetings at Annapolis. Found a lot of sinners. A letter from my father. Had a chat with Capt. Miller's sister, whom I've believed to see an officer some of these days.

GOT HOME, to find Captain and Lieutenant in a great state of excitement, the theme principally Self-Defence. Heard all about everything, and "Oh," said Capt. Miller, "I shall write her a long letter," and she produced a piece of paper with the following curious inscription written upon it: "With the compliments of Coxey's Army to the old lady alone!" and finally deposited upon the threshold of the quarters, fearing that they might have much to eat, it being 8-D.

It seems that some of the boys had appeared with a large hamper the evening before, which they had first carried triumphantly through the town, to the singing station. The old lady alone! and finally deposited upon the threshold of the quarters, fearing that they might have much to eat, it being 8-D. "I shall write her a long letter," and she produced a piece of paper with the following curious inscription written upon it: "With the compliments of Coxey's Army to the old lady alone!" and finally deposited upon the threshold of the quarters, fearing that they might have much to eat, it being 8-D. How we long to see them all saved. Since last report two or three good cases of conversion. Yours, living for Jesus, E. GALT, D. O.

THE MOTTO ON THE WALL.

BY MAJOR FRIEDRICH, of Spokane.

(A young man in a meeting in Victoria, B.C., was convicted through the large motto over the platform: "Remember your mother's prayer," and was saved that night.)

"Remember your mother's prayer." Who wrote it there? Was it a friend of mine, who rejoiced that I felt, And delights in my shame and despair?

Yes, my mother's prayers I can hear. Who is whispering them into my ear? My God! Now the scenes disappear: Now plainly I see—step—I see The fiends of hell waiting for me; And their mocking laughter and scornful call

Point to the motto on the wall.

Those prayers cannot save you now: You have gone too far on the road of

You have nailed to the cross the Christ within, You have broken the vow Which you made when you said to Which you made when you said to Your record of shame Christ's pardon deny: No—mercy for you is past. Mercy's past!

What!—Forgive? The Captain said God would forgive: If sin we forsake, we may live. O, can it be true? It must be. These soldiers of hell would not bid me. And may she not now before His throne Remember in prayer Her wandering one?

"Come to Jesus now," they sing. Yes, the wreck of my life I will bring To the Christ of my mother's prayer—and there, With contrite heart, at His feet The publican's prayer repeat: Be merciful unto me—even I! Cancel the past, Thou Christ on the tree.

That same night, down at the mercy-seat, Again did God and a prodigal meet, And a mother's prayer held's power defeat.

I SEE

THAT the Newmarket target aimed at was \$750,000 double that of last year, and was hit square in the center with a big V. as a surplus. Now, Ensign Blackburn, let us hear from you, please!

THAT a long-looked-for visit from Major Howell and his Horsemen Brass and String Band has at last come to pass.

THAT the Major and band were booked to conduct a series of three days' meetings. The Major introduced his troupe, from Professor Little to Bandman Cameron, also Peck's Bad Boy from the West.

THAT the Major enrolled two brothers as soldiers of the 12th Canadian corps. God bless the boys, and make them valiant in His cause.

THAT Monday was the red-letter day among the Salvationists. A wedding was the attraction. The Horsemen band out ascending that afternoon, also announcing the wedding feast at the barracks at the same time.

THAT a big crowd attended the wedding feast. A big crowd, I can assure you!

THAT long before the time for the wedding the Temperance Hall was packed with people to witness the wedding. Ensign Evers, D. O., made his appearance. Shortly afterwards the Major came in. In came the contracting parties, Capt. Jennie Howcroft leading, while the bride followed. Next came the groom, then Sergeant Barton brought up the rear, taking their respective places on the platform, everybody smiling.

THAT Ensign Evers opened the wedding with a song. For some reason the band could not play in harmony, or the soldiers could not catch the pitch of the tune. The Major noticed the difficulty, and asked all on the platform who were married

to kindly raise their hands. Only two sisters responded. "Then," said those who hoped to be. Only Captain Mc— responded. The Major found out the difficulty at once. Peck's Bad Boy acquiesced in the Major with his own. "Only a case of excitement, sir." This brought down the house. However, the Major finally succeeded in getting things in proper shape.

THAT Miss Minnie Howcroft and Private Robert, Peck's Bad Boy, stood forth to be made man and wife. The Major read the articles of marriage, the "I will" was distinctly heard from both parties, and the Major succeeded in tying the knot good and tight.

THAT, the ceremony concluded, the Major called forward Cadets Richardson and Bonetto and promoted them Lieutenants on the spot, amid cheers and music. The meeting was brought to a close with another tea, when Mr. and Mrs. Pearson left amid congratulations.

OLD KNOWALL.

MY STARS!

One of Our Army Sailor Cadets writes thus:

The ship's forecastle is by no means a desirable place to live in. It is an atmosphere of sin, blasphemy, and impenitent ignorance, but in spite of all this, the seamen have a very high conception of Christianity. Anything less than holiness is considered gentile while unscrupulously they are full of Tolstoid, and carry the doctrine of non-resistance to an excess. A pure, clean life is respected, but the "lake-woman, half-dressed" is despised, and will not be tolerated. Precept, with names, is useless without practice. Our great pleasure I enjoy is a quiet half-hour occasionally with my Lord a Nation, a saintly saint, and in the soothing influences of the Psalms, I love astronomy, and at times, when in the mood, I creep into some quiet place, and allow my mind to become focused on this (to my mind) the most beautiful of studies, and peer to the great beyond and think, and while thinking lose my identity. The soul seems to be free from the body, and I soar away into space, away from our one, our estate place, and for a few minutes I dwell in the revelations of Orion, admiring his beautiful belt and cross. Then away again, and I am looking right into the

FIERY, BLOOD-RED EYE

of the Bull; still on, into that galaxy of beauty, the Pleiades; farther still, past the Dog, beyond the limits of the Rigel, the telescope past the orbits of the comets, and I see more stars floating in space, radiant and gorgeous in colors and size. My eyes are feasted with beauties beyond our reach, the beauties of the universe. A scene of my own helplessness steals over me. I see the great Architect and Engineer handle the levers and press the buttons controlling the ponderous, but complete and accurate machinery. I wonder, and I shiver with awe and amazement, I awake. My soul is one more a prisoner. I find my Lord is not afar off. He is near, He works with me, and dwells in me, and I am His child and He is my God, my Father, my Redeemer, my constant Companion. I live in Him and He is in me. It is beautiful, delightful. I just trust in Him, my little child, and while it is guiding the course of the innumerable planetary systems, and governing the enormous mechanism of the universe. He does not forget His child, but turns me by the hand and guides me, and I am not a prisoner. I am not a prisoner of my head may be injured. Glory to His Holy Name forever!

[Extracted from a private letter.—Ed.]

To "love the Cross" is an excellent sign of health. If you hold by this, through weakness and in all weather, something better than even this will follow, sooner or later. There will come a time when the hands won't feel the nails, nor the brow the thorns: a hidden, unutterable sense of God will become All in All; and this will grow brighter and brighter to the perfect day.

CHRISTMAS - HILARITIES

IN THE SOCIAL WING.

THE LIFEBOAT.

EIGHT TURKEYS and goose, roast of mutton, beef, and pork, 32 pies, twenty-six loaves of bread, and thirteen dollars in cash, is the total of donations from the kindly hearted friends of the Army and the poor in Toronto towards our Christmas free feed at the Workmen's Hotel, corner of Wilton avenue and Victoria street.

This splendid provision of the well-to-do citizens for their poorer brethren, made a grand banquet for the men with the small-sized vests who frequent the Life-Boat. Altogether about ninety persons partook of this bounty, and the donors may take it from us that that crowd of men were just as appreciative and grateful as ever they knew how to be.

"Say, Major," said one chap, who felt good and comfortable, "Can't you get three Christmas-wines a week fixed somethow?"

Major Collier's round, smiling face glowed as he thought of the thought.

Citizens of Toronto, on behalf of the men, we thank you. Call and see us.

T.

SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE FROM THE WOMEN'S SHELTER.

A Christmas Incident.

As we carried up the plates, piled up with steaming hot turkey and goose, vegetables, and other good things, and afterwards the dishes of delicious plum pudding, to our poor sisters in the Women's Shelter, on Christmas day, we couldn't help noticing the contented, satisfied look

some of them wore on their faces, and we thought they would not mind if Christmas came more than once a year, if it brought no other joy than a good dinner. They seemed to enjoy everything they got, and they got enough, too.

There was one poor old woman missed her dinner by being out to a saloon drinking. She came home in the evening very drunk. We offered her her dinner for supper, but she did not want it. Next night, however, she took it very thankfully.

Although these poor souls have such an appetite for the dreadful drink, yet underneath all their sin and wretchedness there is a heart of warmth, a heart that does not forget any kindness shown them; neither does it forget any injustice. If we could only get them to leave the whisky and rum bottles, what different women they would be! Oh, that the time would hasten when every dunnest shop would be forever closed! What a happy day Christmas would be, and every other day also.

J. M. McCANN, Lieut., W. S.



LONDON RESCUE HOME.

XMAS AT THE CHILDREN'S SHELTER

Plum Pudding and Toys for Each and All.

Past 1800 years ago Christ Jesus came on earth. He came, He lived, He died for us; We thank Him for His birth. Help us remember Christmas morn. The day our Saviour Christ was born.

MILLIE B.

We had what you would call "a joyous Christmas," indeed. After breakfast was over, I asked the children some questions as to why it was called Christmas day. Not many could answer. While speaking to them around the table, I told them Jesus was born on Christmas day. He came into the world a little babe, etc. We had for dinner roast turkey and plum pudding. Afternoon we got the Christmas tree nicely fixed up, and had the children dressed in uniform, girls in red pinafores, white letters across the front, "God's own." Boys in white blouses, with red collar. Tea was prepared and the bell rang. Down they came, one after another, looking amazed. They were all so excited they ate but little tea.

After we had finished, we sang and prayed. By this time they were very anxious as to what they were going to get. They all got seated, and two or three toys were given out to each one. Then we had some singing and clapping hands and some speeches were given by the children as to how they were enjoying Christmas, and if they meant to be real good. One said she enjoyed the turkey and pudding for dinner, also her ten, and was very much pleased with her toys, and hoped they would not get broken. Another thanked us for our trouble in getting up such a pretty tree, and thanked God for putting it in the hearts of the people to send them such nice toys. Altogether, we had a time of rejoicing, and got blessed very much.

CAPT. MILLIE BALDWIN.

To seek for happiness independent of virtue, is looking for shade in the sands of the desert.—Catholic Register.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.—Presbyterian Review.

HARMONIC HURRICANEERS.

BACK to Toronto again. It seems but a few days since we left. Amid the clash and hurricane blasts of music—the new faces—the new scenes—crowds and souls—time has flown like the hurricane wind. What have we done? What has God done, rather? Let figures speak as best they can. Eternity will speak later.—

Left Toronto Oct. 2nd—returned December 18—had 98 meetings—110 open-air—had 67 souls—an attendance of nearly 16,000 people—and an income of over \$800. Hurrah!

*** The Rev. J. L. Robertson, M. A., Presbyterian pastor at Gore Bay, composed a splendid song for us, of which the following verses are a sample:—

Tune—"The Miller of the Dee." They came to us, a goodly band, The Harmonic Hurricaneers, And sang their songs of love and joy, Filling our hearts with cheer; And this the burden of the song They sang so loud and free—"I love my Saviour all day long, For He hath loved me."

A band of loving souls, they're out To work in Jesus' name, To show abroad His mighty grace That saves from sin and shame; And this the burden of the song They sing wherever they go—"I love my Saviour all day long, Who saves from guilt and woe."

Then, welcome, friends! thrice welcome! we extend in Jesus' name! God greet you onward! bless your work, Whose mercy's e'er the same! And this the burden of the song Go sing in every place—"I love my Saviour all day long, Who saves me by His grace."

Good books are to the young mind what the warming sun and the refreshing rain of spring are to the seeds which have lain dormant in the frosts of winter.—Catholic Register.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way. There is no action so slight, or so humble, but it may be done to a great purpose, and ennobled thereby. The improvement of a little time may be a gain to all eternity.—Canadian Churchman.



LITTLE ONES OF THE LONDON CHILDREN'S SHELTER.

THE GENERAL IN AUSTRALASIA.

Christchurch.

Leaving Wellington on Friday by the "Penguin," the General and Staff arrived at Christchurch at 7 a.m. Saturday. Brigadier Hoskin and Major Brumby are on hand at getting up an attractive open-air parade, and they must have elapsed all past efforts on this occasion. Six bands on horseback, in riding habits of yellow, red and blue, headed the 1,500 strong procession, and there were novelties galore. The General and Commissioner Pollard spoke, whilst a unit was called, after which came a Soldiers' Council, in which 42 seekers came forward.

Fifteen hundred people heard the General in his welcome meeting at the Opera House, and the Mayor of Christchurch presided.



THE NEW ZEALAND WAR OFFICE, CHRISTCHURCH.

Then came Sunday. The scene of battle was again in the Opera House, where fifteen thousand people congregated during that marvelous day of spiritual triumphs. The General was God-purchased, the holy Union was palpably present in his burning utterances, and an ingathering of 88 seekers for the day and 130 for the week-end was a triumph which made all hearts to rejoice.



A VIEW OF THE CHRISTCHURCH BARRACKS.

Worried as he was after Sunday's tremendous snafu, the General was at it again on Monday in the Christchurch Opera House, and held a morning and afternoon meeting, at which a good many seekers came to the front for parlor or purity.

At night, the Social gathering, which, in spite of many other attractions, was huge enough to crowd the Opera House in almost every part, witnessed a wonderful outburst of popular feeling. Mr. G. J. Smith, M.H.R., president, and very appreciative speeches were delivered by Bishop Jones and the Rev. Dr. Elmhurst.

The Bishop said he found it a very awkward job to follow so closely after the General. During his speech he confirmed the General's statement that Christian societies are very apt

to rise above their first principles and to forget them. "The churches," the Bishop continued, "have often done that very thing. They have gone to the rich and have forgotten the poor. They have gone to the help of the righteous, and have forgotten and neglected the sinner. But whenever the churches have done that, God has always raised, in every age, some society that has done the work that His Church has forgotten to do, and I think that is what He did when He stirred up this great organization."

On Tuesday the General was closely occupied with the Staff and Field Officers' Council throughout the day.

Timari.

Amidst the hearty welcome accorded the General here, Mr. J. W. Blackwood, president of the Timari Prohibition League, presented himself and read an address. The General addressed the assemblage in reply as "My friends." His life, he said, was consecrated to the prohibition of evil in all its forms. "They all know that the Salvation Army were prohibitionists in regard to the drink traffic, and that in that regard they were worthy of imitation by other organizations which professed to have the happiness of mankind in view."

In the great meeting which followed, Chairman Rev. C. E. Beerford welcomed the General in the words of the English people's welcome to the Princess of Wales:

"Saxon or Norman, whatever we be, We are all Dune in our welcome to thee."

That is, Episcopallians, Baptists, Methodists, etc., whatever they were, they were Salvationists in their welcome to the General.

The General gave a fine Social address, bristling with good points. That Colony, he said, had three-quarters of a million people, and yet there was not work for all. The remedy for worklessness was seen in the contrast between a moor and a vineyard, one producing little, the other crowded with food materials, and the difference between them was made by work.

Dunedin.

Dunedin gave the General a wonderful welcome. The crowd assembled in the station yard and on the platform, bridge and approaches of the station, was said to be the greatest that has ever assembled to meet any visitor to the city of Dunedin.

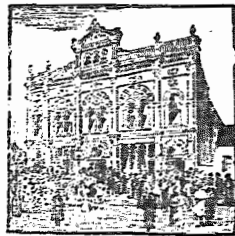
Accompanied by Commissioners Pollard and Goombs and other of his Staff, the General was then driven to Carill's Monument. There another immense crowd of people having assembled, a halt was called, and the front files of the procession opening up, the General's carriage was brought right into the midst of the mass of people, the event being hailed with renewed cheering and every expression of delight. Many a fervent "Hallelujah" and "God bless you!" greeted the General's appearance. The General's uprising was the signal for renewed demonstrations of ap-



The Spot where, 12 Years Ago, Captain Pollard Fired the First S. A. Shot in Australasia.

The General and Commissioner Pollard speak at the Historic Fountain.

proval, the whole scene being one of vivid interest—the surging crowd, the banners, bannerettes, pennants and the costumes of the soldiers and the people. Illuminated by the ruddy glare of the torches, presenting such an effect as is seldom seen even in these days of demonstrations.



OPERA HOUSE CHRISTCHURCH, N.Z.

Carill's Monument is the spot where, 12-12 years ago, Commissioner Pollard, then a lad of nineteen, fired the first shot. The General spoke to the populace at this historic spot. He gave a spicy address, which was interspersed with responsive amens and shouts at every few sentences. He said, in the course of his remarks, there were a good many people who did not agree with General Booth, and General Booth did not agree with them. This remark must have referred to other places, however, for the Dunedin people were thoroughly in support.

Then Commissioner Pollard was called for unanimously and rapturously received. Referring to his first start, when his sole supporters were a black man on one side and a Salvation Army Captain and his wife on the other, he said: "There were a great many people then who thought that the Salvation Army would not be here long, and three Christian friends have offered to pay his passage back to England to the General, because they said the Salvation Army would be no good here. He told them that he had not come out on any racket of that sort, but that he had come to stay, and had taken a building up the street for three years, at £300 a year, and the landlord of pay-back his passage back they were going to help to pay the rent—and they did."

In the social meeting the General was greeted by representatives of three churches and the Jewish Kabal. Rev. Hewitson, B.A., supported by a large number of leading citizens took with Napoleon. He compared the General with Napoleon. Said he: "I have no doubt in my mind he can get Salvation Army men and women to act for him even across 10,000 miles of ocean, and there is probably no one man now, who is not a crowned monarch, who

exercises such great power over his fellowmen, and gets from them such implicit obedience. I believe that obedience is rendered because they are worshippers of Jesus Christ, and not His influence, not across leagues of sea, but across centuries of time. Great as is their devotion to the Salvation Army, and to the General I do believe that they do not put him in the place of Jesus Christ. They reverence the General as the General of their Army, but look up to Christ as the great Captain of the salvation. I do not know that I could obey Commissioner Pollard and clap all through that hymn, but I clap in my own way. I heartily welcome the General."

The General was followed by the phantoms of the crowd, and for two hours he dealt with his subject, "Sons of the World's Social Miseries and the Salvation Army's Remedy."

The General contended that from the standpoint of self-interest alone society should grapple with these social miseries and seek their remedy, because, if by any means the superstructure of society were to come down, they would find the submerged classes rolling in. It was the submerged that made the terror of the French Revolution, and it was the submerged that would make the horror of the nineteenth century. If they were to help these poor people they must grapple with the difficulty in a scientific way. Three-fourths of the charity administered indiscriminately did more harm than good. They must help the people without pampering them.



J.N. BARRACKS, WELLINGTON, N.Z.

Referring to a site for the Over Sea Colony, the General said his first love was South Africa, but he had run away from it and had flirted with and looked at other places, but he thought of going back to his first love, where he had had a gift of 10,000 acres of beautiful, well-watered land. Not only so, but Cecil Rhodes, who was well known throughout the civilized world, had promised him that if Methodism



The General's Reception in Cathedral Square, Christchurch.

Matabeland, which were spoken of in the highest terms as to their fertility and climate, was suitable, he (Mr. Rhodes) would be happy to give him the land he wanted there. He did not know—God would guide him. He had got many poor people who were waiting and getting impatient, saying, "Where is the land of Canaan?" He hoped the Lord would let him see it and raise thousands and thousands of happy, holy people on it, earning their own bread and living contentedly on the land—not making a fortune, but earning a livelihood.



ASQUITH HOSKIN, New Zealand Prov. Officer.

The Mayor, on moving a vote of thanks, spoke so feelingly and eulogistically of the Army on behalf of what he termed "the civic Church of Dunedin" that the chairman facetiously declared him eligible for a red guernsey.



MAJOR BIRKENSHAW, Colony Secretary.

THE GOOD SHIP "SALVATIONIST" On her Mission of Mercy.

"Salvationising" the Harbours and Coves of the Island Colony.

CHAPTER II.

Early next morning we were off for PAKI HARBOR. Being our first visit, we found the people in a state of excitement. We visited quite a few of our soldiers and islands, and on Sunday at 7 a.m. began our day's warfare. Two flag was hoisted to the masthead. We had a real good day. At noon Monday we started for INDEPENDENT, where they were very anxiously awaiting our arrival. One man, a sea captain from Wales, thinks that the Army is the God-chosen people to save the dying masses of humanity. Tuesday morning we were off for CARTWRIGHT, which belongs to the Hudson Bay Company. We found the dear people very kind. They have no services at all, only during the summer months. Lieut. Barry and myself went on shore to visit, and by doing so we had the privilege of talking with a few at night about their poor souls. They were so glad to see the Salvationist coming. Let us bear in mind these dear people, who are shut away from the blessed privileges that we enjoy, on the bleak shores of Labrador. Oh, how anxious they were to come to the meetings. They love the Army so much that they wanted us to pull the "Salvationist" on the beach and stay with them all the winter. Early next morning we were off for INDIAN TACKLE. After we had gone a short distance on our journey, the wind rose very high and caused our little barge to roll and toss very much. Some of the boys felt as if there was a kind of a queer feeling coming over them, but our little vessel, which

seemed only like a cork on the ocean, braved the waves and inched us in for harbor all O.K. She is to be admired for her beauty and goodness. Owing to it being so stormy, we were prevented from holding any meeting here. The Lieutenant and Chet got ready to visit a soldier who is very sick but happy in Jesus. They prayed with and for him. Next we east anchor at BOULDER'S ROCK. We managed to get a meeting on all right; a few gathered. One poor soldier told us it was good for her to be in a Salvation Army meeting again. At an early hour next morning we started for SQUARE ISLAND. There is a good time in store for us in this place, the soldiers are all on fire. At 7 a.m. twenty-three met on board the "Salvationist." After the afternoon meeting we went on board our little vessel and pleaded with them for the salvation of some soul in our night's meeting. God came and answered prayer. Just as we were going into the testimony meeting one poor soul began to cry to God. Soon we found ourselves into a short, red-hot prayer meeting. We started our testimony again, and soon the one that had got saved had another out to the mercy-seat. Dava went again before God. In a short time she could rise and witness for God. After spending Sunday with them, still they want us to stay Monday. It being very stormy, and as we wanted to meet the next boat to find out what we had to do, we consented to stay until Monday. At the meeting at night, the converts were the first to witness for God. Tuesday morning the wind was in our favor, and soon the flag was hoisted to the top, by which they understood that we were going to leave. We started for ASSIZES HARBOR, but owing to the wind being against us, we had to put into SPEAR HARBOR. We thought to spend a night with them, but on account of our time being limited, we could not stop.

(To be continued.)

STRIKES!

SECRETARY LANDERS, Hamilton.

Only a morbid mind is on the look-out for slights.

Make life a ministry of love, and it will always be worth living.—Brown.

Philosophers don't only disagree with truth, but usually quarrel among themselves.—Webster.

She, not till it is left will find sinful sin; a sin man must first awake ere he can tell his dream.—Trench.

A whole bushel of notions don't weigh as much as one little stubborn fact.

The first paper published in Canada was the Halifax Gazette, March 23rd, 1762. War Cry some time later.

Blot out the Sabbath, and in half a century the intelligent worship of God would be nearly obliterated, and the land covered with every form of superstition and crime.—Beecher.

There is no hope of destroying the Christian religion as long as the Christian Sabbath is acknowledged and kept by men as a sacred day.—Voltaire.

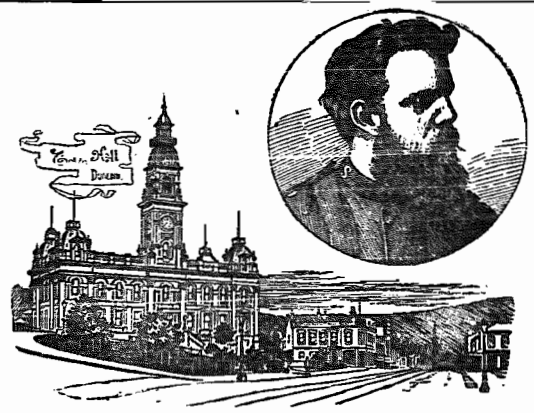
The first biblical reference to a musical instrument is in Genesis: "Jubal was the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ."

There is not a line in the whole Bible on which an argument can be built for abusing people while yet in their sin.—Mrs. Booth.

It makes the mind very free when we give up wishing and only think of bearing what is laid upon us, and doing what is given us to do.

Society proceeds from the family of which the mother is the living bond. Canadian Presbyterian.

It is said that the Roman Catholic Order of the Most Blessed Trinity has redeemed 200,000 slaves since it began its work in Africa. — Canadian Churchman.



Major Birkenshaw, and the Town Hall, Dunedin.

MORE CHANCES

THE "LIGHT BRIGADE" OPERATIONS.

Change of Front—The Provincial Officers in the Fray—The P.A. Part of the P.A's Staff—A Revolution—Other Notes and Comments.

BY MAJOR READ.

Thank God, the Light Brigade scheme rushes ahead with leaps and bounds. The Provincial Agents find the lantern a good auxiliary to the scheme. Captain Pugh is doing remarkably well, having sent \$56 the past week. Triumphant! Then Captain Seobell actually declares that the first quarter in the New Year, '96, will top everything. Readers should see the Captain's G. B. M. rig and horse to appreciate it. There was to be a farewell among the P. A's, and although some had orders to march, these have been cancelled in one or two cases. Captain and Mrs. Pugh remain on in the East. Ensign and Mrs. Rosa will be responsible for the Central Ontario Province. Adjutant Magee says good-bye to Lanza, as does Captain Bailey. Captain McKenzie takes the East Ontario Province, while Ensign takes the Northwest and the Pacific Province. May this change be very beneficial all round.

But there is another change, and a big one, too, this time in the oversight of the P. A.'s. The decree has gone forth that in the future each P. A. shall be on the staff of the P. O., and will be entirely linked up with Provincial Headquarters, sending forms of all kinds to the P. O. In short, doing all business directly with the P. O., instead of with the Financial Secretary at Toronto. All notices received by the P. A. must in the future be sent to the P. O., who will forward it on to Territorial Headquarters. Now we shall see what we shall see. The P. O. will have sole responsibility of the success of the Light Brigade, Social League, Lantern Services, and Auxiliary League throughout the Territory. Now things should go with a sweep. No excuse at all now. For further information, we call the attention of the P. A. to the regulations being sent them.

Are the Lantern Services successful? Yes, very much so when well arranged and arranged for by the P. O. Kindly study the following figures as a proof. Captain Pugh took the following sums at his Lantern Services in the following places: Windsor, N.S., \$21.45; Halifax, N.S., \$35.80; Dartmouth, \$5.50. Captain Seobell has also met with great success on this line, taking in \$11 at Fergus, \$8 at Brantford. Then the box money is steadily rising, as the following figures for the last quarter go to prove.—Halifax, N.S. \$6.92; Windsor, N.S., \$9.55; Digby, \$5.40; Hespeler, \$6.30; Brantford, \$20.10; London, \$5.50; Palmerston, \$6.25, and others just as good, and even better. Oh, this is a glorious scheme. God is in it. Every cent collected goes to help the work among the fallen.

Now for that wonderful two cent Cry book. Money in it? Yes, if you do your part with the scheme. Each D. O. and P. O. have ere this received the Hand Book of Instructions, so that they can glean all information thereon as to how to successfully run the Boom. By all means study it, and study it well.

It was such a pity that dear Mrs. Booth, through extreme illness, and by the doctor's orders, was prevented from visiting St. Thomas and Hamilton. At the former place, the Knox Presbyterian church had been kindly loaned, and the public had done everything to make Mrs. Booth's visit a success. Hamilton, too, was not behind. All things had been made ready for a huge welcome, and then—Mrs. Booth's severe illness caused the unpleasant hitch. However, keep believing, dear folks of St. Thomas and Hamilton.

The Palmerston D.O.

Interviewed Again by the Ex-Winnipegger re S.D.

Ex-Winnipegger — "Good evening, Ensign Dowell."

Ensign — "Good evening, Bro. Cantlon."

"I see you are still in command of the Palmerston District?"

"I am very much pleased to be in a position to reply in the affirmative."

"You have done a good thing for Self-Denial, I presume?"

"Yes; we have hit our target, which is \$30."

"I suppose the soldiers took an active part?"

"Why, bless you, yes. They worked like Trojan, from Sergt.-Major down to the last convict. It was inspiring to see the band-boys put on extra steam as we visited from school-house to school-house in the interest of S.D. By-the-by, I was almost forgetting those two soldiers at Durham, Bro. Laidlaw and Mrs. Benton, who collected the sum of \$12.50."

"No doubt you have had considerable collecting to do previous to S.D."

"We have. We nearly doubled last year at Harvest Festival, besides raising \$75, which was applied towards purchasing band instruments and music."

"One question more. Has the spiritual movement in the press of financial work?"

"It has. The soul-saving work is steadily going on—one or two souls every week. The roll has increased from fifty to sixty-five, and three more are to be added any time."

"This is good news indeed, Ensign. Good-bye."

R. J. CANTLON, R.C.

A fit of rage has cost many a man his life. So all intense emotions, all rages, resentments, and wrong feelings, ruin digestion, injure the appetite, and break down the constitution.—Canadian Churchman.

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.

Andrew Provost's Life Story, Treasurer of Hamilton Corps.

"Uncle Ben," by Mrs. Major Read.
A rare treat for Newfoundlanders.



THE SALVATION ARMY
IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and
sanctification of the saved, together with the propaga-
tion of the Salvation War in all places.
Address all communications to the Editor, *Salva-
tion Army Headquarters, Toronto.*

THE BOOM.

During the first week in February this whole Territory is going to specially devote itself to increasing the circulation of the War Cry. That same system of organized effort, directed, in its main features, from Territorial Headquarters, which has been the means of producing such magnificent results in the Self-Defence Weeks and other similar efforts, is to be brought into operation on the War Cry's behalf, and, we hope, equally successful results. We will have something more to say on this matter next week. Meantime, let every soldier get ready for the week of advance.

TRAIN THE CHILDREN FOR SAVIOURS.

The intelligent and animated faces of the little folk at the Christmas tree elicited from more than one elder some such remark as "Here's the little ones' Christmas." Mrs. Booth was to be congratulated on the happy event. It not only made a bright chapter in the lives of the little ones, but it was a lesson in the value of the officers to their leader, which is valuable to us as an Army; not only so, but it brought again to the attention of the officers the value of discipline to us, via the training of the Juniors. Undoubtedly it is upon the training of the children, especially the children of the officers, that the Army has its future. The little children at that Christmas tree are typical of the rising Army throughout the world, and if that rising Army is to be a true Army, it must have the spirit of Salvationism, then may we indeed look for a very wonderful future. God is ready to bless the nation, and the Army, and the children grow up in those principles which the late Mrs. Booth and the General proved so valuable in their own circle. We should not only be saved, but we should be saviors.

VICTORIA, B.C.

SOME person or persons, evidently unfriendly towards the Salvation Army, sent recently a batch of printed matter of the "New Facts" type to the Mayor of Victoria, purporting to contain the latest about the Army Shooters, etc.

Our readers may remember that the Army Shelter at Victoria, B.C., by the kindness of the Mayor and Council, occupies a part of some municipal buildings, and it may be that the pamphlets were sent with the thought that the use of the municipal building would be withheld. However that may be, Ensign Patterson, the Social officer at Victoria, called upon the Mayor, but His Worship did not need any explanation. Said he, "The Army speaks for itself in this city."

As a proof of how little effect the pamphlets had, and how positive the public opinion of Victoria is as to the Army's utility, we may state that a lease for the use of the said portion of the municipal building for THREE years is to hand from Victoria, and only waits signature from the Commandant to fix it upon.

Let the pamphlet people make no mistake. There is nothing wrong about our Army, and other branches, the Army's chiefs will first to put that wrong right. We are for righteousness every time. We are no hold-and-corner affair. We welcome fair-minded enquiry, and invite the public wherever we have a Social Institution to come and see for themselves what we are like. We venture to profess that in nine cases out of ten the visitor will be so convinced of the value of the Social Scheme that he will leave a donation, as the only proper expression of his appreciation.

We generate the factors, and

We congratulate the Mayor and Council of Victoria, B. C., on their kindness and wisdom. They have the interests of the poorest at heart for certain, not only so, but they can see who are the people to do their Social work in the cheapest and most effective way. Victoria, B.C., sets her sister cities a worthy example.

Latest from Kingston!

Reports to hand of the S-L battle are very encouraging. Port Hope, Cobourg, Brantford, Ganoanoke, and Simsbury deserve special mention. Perth lands champion to date, \$20 over target, with a notable drunkard saved to boot. For Juniors, Kingston takes the cake at \$120. Montreal I band carries off the palm in their class at \$140. Winter campaign to be launched at watertight service. All round increase by end of March, '96. Kingston, Belleville, and Cobourg P. O.'s under marching orders. Indications of a general advance during winter months—Staff-Capt. Southall.

Colonel and Mrs. Holland and most of the Headquarters people visited Yorkville on Sunday. The congregation was the largest for a long time.

Major Howell presided over a very successful musical meeting at the Temple, Toronto, on Xmas night.

THE CRUSADERS BAND.



Bro. O. Buhl. Bro. E. Jublin. Bro. A. R. Bent. Bro. E. Butler.
Bro. E. J. Fitch. Capt. H. Maria. Bro. S. Jensen.

WALLACE, IDAHO.—The Crusaders are at it again! I'd like to note that our last two trips consisted of 701 miles by wagon, staying from one to three days in each place, with the exception of one, where we stayed five days. We held 17 meetings in 74 days, and had 58 souls. I am forwarding you a photo of the Crusaders. I thought you would perhaps like to see us as we are. While in Tekon, Mr. Harlow, photographer, was sufficiently interested to want us to sit for him. We had no serious objections, hence the outcome. Here's a little of the boys and a few women about the place.

ARTHUR BENT, converted in 1887 at Bridgetown, N.S., under Captain Smith. Been a bandman in the East, also at Tacoma. He now belongs to Victoria, B.C. corps, and has lent his services for a short time to the Crusaders to spread salvation in the mountains and valleys of the Northwest Province. He's a fighter from

EDWARD L. BUTLER (our Benjamin on account of his being the youngest and smallest of the band), was saved under Ensign McAbee in 1892 at Spokane, Wash. He is still a soldier and has been

Chief Secretary's

NOTES.

A cable dispatch announces the safe arrival of the Commandant in London. What kind of a passage he experienced, or in what condition he landed we do not know. We are profoundly thankful for his safe journey amid the storms through which the Campanian passed. He informs us of his intention to sail again for Canada on the 8th inst. We shall give him a rousing reception at the Temple on Sunday, the 19th.

Mrs. Beth is no better than when I wrote last. For several days she has been confined to her bed, and suffers considerable pain. We are very anxious about her. To judge by outward appearances, one would take her to be robust and powerful. This fact is she is a delicate, and even frail, woman, and often goes about her many duties with a smile on her face when by right she should be in bed. Her case calls for the earnest prayers of Salvationists everywhere.

This week the Stail change, fore-shadowed in the last notes has gone into effect. It is not by any means a large list, nevertheless some important corps have been affected. First, perhaps, comes Kingston. To this charge Adjutant Archibald has been appointed. The Adjutant is a young man, who has just returned from the Old Country, and may be expected to make things hum. His wife, however, we regret to say, is far from well. We are sure we can count on the sympathy and help of her new sisters. Ensign John McLean, late of Kingston, assumes command of the 1st company. All eyes are upon you, Advance, Turpinto! Is the watch-

word. Ensign Lowry proceeds to Hamilton. Ensign Alex. McLean, who has toiled amid great difficulties at that place, takes charge of Belleville. Ensign Moore will lead the forces at Barrie, and Ensign Blackburn proceeds to Cobourg.

The development of our far-off Western Territory proceeds with unabated energy. Several officers are being transferred from Ontario to the West. Amongst the number are Eugene McNamara, who proceeds to Regina, N.D., and Eusden Woodman, of Yorkville, whose appointment has not yet been decided upon. Several other officers will be transferred in the near future, one or two of whom are going far-off New Brunswick. Major Macnutt and Friedrich are equally alive to the prospects ahead of them. They are the opened within the last few weeks are: Knappeil, Dillon, Lawton, Waberton, Devlin's Lake.

Staff-Captain Hargraves and wife, recently from England, have rested since their arrival in Canada, but will soon be taking an appointment. The Staff-Captain's transfer was effected at his own request, on account of his parents being residents of this country. He can therefore justify his claim to being a full-fledged Canadian straight off. May his future prove as useful as his past.

A cable despatched from International Headquarters announces the appointment of Ensign Robert, a very promising French woman, to the command of the work amongst her own nationality in Canada, vacated by Adjutant Rioux. She is at present in England en route.

The Bermuda expedition is well under way. Ensign Desbriay, Captain Johnson, and Lieut. Forsyth are timed to sail from Halifax on the 2nd inst. Brigadier Scott has made all arrangements for the attack, and the certainty is that the island, which has been described as impregnable to hostile attack, will soon capitulate to the messages of peace. Bermuda, we salute you!

Before leaving Toronto, the Commandant decided upon the transfer of Adjutant Ayre to some climate more congenial to his health. He is afflicted with asthma in its chronic form and at times suffers severely. He had hoped that the freedom of the West would be a blessing and proved beneficial to him. It is evident, however, that Toronto does not suit him, and the Commandant has reluctantly decided on a change. The transfer will probably be to the West. Nothing as yet, however, is settled. The Adjutant is a loyal, devoted, and efficient officer, and is relied upon to frustrate the devil's plans during his term out of every twenty-four hours.

Several new appointments are to be made in connection with the Grange-Meat Box department. A concentrated effort will be made to increase the usefulness of this scheme. Captains Fred Mackenzie and Earl Lave have been appointed Provincial Agents, and will enter upon their new duties forthwith. Captain Bailey, who has filled this position for some months past, has been re-appointed to the field.

The new Citadel at Hamilton is at last under way. Difficulties innumerable have kept back the start until now. They have, however, been got over one by one, and soon we trust to see in material form the stately edifice so beautifully portrayed on paper. Hamilton is an A1 Army centre, and with the increased facilities offered by the new building, the work should develop by leaps and bounds.

Captains McRae and Emma Allen of the Maritime Province, are under orders for district work in Newfoundland. Captain Perks, so long associated with the Trade Department at H.Q., has been transferred to New York to serve in a similar capacity there. Ensign Ritchie is much better in health, and will soon be taking another appointment. Captain Penneford, until lately of the French work, has taken an appointment in the Pacific Province. Ensign Fitzpatrick, who broke her leg while visiting most six weeks ago, is now recovering.

I'm not much at writing for War Cry, but you can pick out anything suitable, and burn the rest.

H. MARRIS, Captain

to say, completely recovered. She undergoes another operation shortly. The Windsor Shelter is crowded out every night, and Major Bennett proposes to lease temporary premises to supply the need. More reinforcements from Newfoundland are expected shortly, including Ensign and Mrs. Payne. Ensign and Mrs. Ross will be appointed to a Shelter on the conclusion of their little honeymoon excursion. No decision has as yet been given on the Windsor, N.S., obstruction case. Our most hearty thanks are tendered to our friend, Judge de Wolfe, for the able manner in which he conducted our defence. May success crown his effort. Ensign Galt still holds the fort there.



MRS. MCKAY, our Annapolis B. Agent.

This World of Ours.

Commissioner Rutland is sufficiently recovered to enable her to travel.

A Swedish corps has been opened in Pittsburgh, Pa. A beautiful opportunity.

The opening of a Spanish-American Corps is contemplated by Commander Booth.

Another Swedish corps! Adjutant Nelson telegraphs from McKeesport, Pa., of a successful opening there.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Miller, of South Africa, have been appointed J. K. Secretaries for that Territory.

The General's meetings, dear friends, will undoubtedly, in the third evening as above, be regular busters.

The General's visit to Ceylon and India is greatly agitating the minds of the Salvationists in those colonies.

The Social Farm at Rousesbosch, South Africa, is on the boom, especially in the spiritual line. Many of the men have got saved.

Commissioner Higgins is visiting Jamaica. After touring the country, a great congress will be held at Kingston about the third or fourth week in January.

The Burlington Booth had a splendid reception at Worcester and Boston, Mass. Over \$2,000 were raised in one day, 65 souls for a clean heart, and over 600 Auxiliaries.

The Commander and Mrs. Booth held a very important Auxiliary gathering in New York. Eight hundred dollars were given for the erection of a new Women's Shelter.

Ensign Smith and Winfield, and two soldiers of Kingston, Jamaica, have received summons to appear before the court on a charge of playing certain noisy instruments on the streets. We shall soon hear of the verdict.

When the officers of New York X. returned from up-airs on Thanksgiving Eve, they were astonished to find a Turkey, with all the usual trimmings, on a table in front of the piano. Of course this helped Captain Wolff to keep the wolf from the door.

Thus the Indian Cry.—What is a Duster? It is a slang term which may have three distinct interpretations. It may mean—first, a jolly good least; second, a very bad lie, or a most remarkably, overpoweringly good meeting.

Some kind folks live near Berlin Falls, N.B. A recent merchant sent a nice, clipped bill for \$450 worth of coal. One man in meeting was called for to

"EVEN CHRIST PLEASED NOT HIMSELF."

(MY MOTTO)

From Mrs. Booth's OFFICE TABLE.

MAJOR COLLIER, writing on behalf of Mrs. Collier and himself, in a kindly letter of New Year's greeting, ends with a few words of personal testimony in this strain: "We are both thankful that years ago we settled it to put THE KINGDOM FIRST, and this is still our motto. Any little suffering or sacrifice we may have passed through we must attribute to our esteem it a privilege to suffer for Jesus and our glorious cause, and feel that after all we have only done our duty. In fact, we pray that this may in the future be done more perfectly, and we got better acquainted with God and His will concerning us. We love our work, and love to spend our lives in the same, and pray that we may be more than ever useful in our new sphere of labor at Headquarters."

MRS. ARKITT, from amongst the words and rocks of Muskoka, writes: "Away up here in the north country we are doing our best for God, and the Army we love so much. Although I cannot do as much as I would like to do, I am looking forward to being, with God's help, of more and more use and blessing. I have thought of you, especially in the Commandant's absence. I do pray he may have a very safe journey."

ENSIGN COWDEN, who on her promotion was sent to take charge of the Rescue Home at Montreal, has gone to her new position determined to make it a glorious success. "I take it all from God," she says, "and I do not give me more than I can do. I feel so unworthy, but by His grace I shall rise up to my responsibilities, and I shall retain a teachable spirit, God helping me."

Here is an interesting sentence from the Halifax Home. ENSIGN MEDON-ALD writes: "We are having a Christmas tree for the girls and babies—a surprise for them. They didn't know anything about it. The people here are so kind. A gentleman and a lady sent us quite a quantity of toys. I feel everything comes from the dear Lord, and that He is so good."

ADJUTANT HILL'S writes: "A beautiful spirit reigns in the Home. Nearly every one of the dear girls are converted. It would do you good to hear them testify. I am more than ever satisfied that this work is of God."

"A head nurse at a hospital gave a speaking testimony for us the other day. She said she liked to get girls from our Army Home. She found they were always better for being with us. There was no bad language or objectionable talk. We need more of God's wisdom still. May He give it."

MRS. ENSIGN CLARKE, of Windsor, who does not come very much

to the front in print, but who is standing staunch and true by her husband's side in the Social wing, writes. After pining herself in imagination and sympathizing in my circumstances, she has warm words of cheer, and to the effect: "I am sure God's presence will be with you, and some day all your toil and care will be rewarded. I am seeking more and more to be like Jesus. His presence is a blessed reality. Our work, and as a strong, active little fellow, full of life and energy, and I am praying and believing, and training him, trusting that some day he may be of service in the great war."

What a wonderful sense of pleasure it is when one has found out the secret that true happiness does not consist in having and getting, but in GIVING. MRS. NEWTON, of Guelph, touches the harp to this string: "Christmas has come"—we quote from her letter—"to gladden us and those we love and care for, and as our happiness cannot be complete unless it is shared and enjoyed by others, I send you a small gift for the Children's Shelter, sincerely hoping it may add to the joy of the little ones so so lovingly cared for." Her heart rises in thankfulness for this.

Here is another expression of sure good will, equally as true, because so delightfully practical. MRS. GIDDIE, of Ayr, has a faith that rings solid by the test of action. "I am glad to say that my Land of Hope in 125 pounds of rice and barley, to be given to your Shelter for children. I visited the Home last summer, and I was delighted with the manner in which the place was conducted. I have thought much of how I could help you."

Many are the soldiers safe within the fold of the Salvation Army who, by the grace of God, owe their rest from weary wandering over the mountains of sin to the platform ministry of ENSIGN LIVING, formerly of the Northwest Province, now holding sway at the Toronto Temple. In the rank of her big command she finds a pause long enough to cheer her leaders with a word of greeting. "I have been praying much for you. I do esteem it a privilege to be the least of your women-warriors. I crave for more of the self-sacrificing spirit. My heart is more than ever wrapt up in the fight. I love the Army and its every principle. May God give the Commandant a pleasant journey and bring him safely back." (Amen.)

Here is a little bit of pathos:—"Madam,—Please accept this small sum from a poor old woman, for some of your starving poor."

By watching, we employ our own strength; by prayer we engage God's.

When the name of Christ becomes everything to you it will do everything for you.

A WHOPPER!

NANAIMO.—While Captain was out collecting for S.D. she asked one of our business men for a donation. After looking over her collecting card he gave her a check for the sum of \$25. She thanked him, but he said, "Oh, that's all right. I like the work the Army is doing, and am in sympathy with you. Now, we have needed several S.D. challenges for the War Cry, but where is there an individual donation to beat that? I apart from Mrs. Booth's donation from a Toronto friend of \$700, we have yet to receive a bigger donation.—Ed. The Lord bless him and prosper him is our prayer.—Jas. Slack.

Let us resolve this year to withhold from our Lord nothing which promotes faithful service in His cause, and let us pledge to Him supreme and loyal acceptance of every kind of work He may call us to undertake.

As the Love grows, all will become easy or more equal. The truly Divine rejoices in loving and suffering, as well as in receiving good and enjoying. A constant bearing of the mind, and heart, and soul, towards "All for Him," brings the invisible in sight, and makes the Divine Love and Presence the most real, solid, and constant good.

MRS. BOOTH'S XMAS PARTY For the Little Folk

Xmas Tree—100 Toys—Tin Trumpets Galore—Solos, and a Good Wind-up.

THE FOUR WALLS of the Board Room at Territorial Headquarters never witnessed a more perfectly jubilant party than was gathered there on Christmas Eve, under the presidency of Mrs. Booth.

With that large-hearted consideration which is so distinct a trait in her character, Mrs. Booth had espoused the cause of

THE OFFICERS' CHILDREN at Headquarters and in the neighborhood this Christmas, resulting in their little hearts being filled to overflowing with innocent glee. Some of them will never forget Christmas Eve, 1895. The Board Room was arranged with tables for tea, and at these the "Coming Army," with their respective mothers and mothers' assistants, were seated, while the Brigades in pink were handed to the little folks. A survey of the farthest table, Mrs. Booth, with her two sons, Victor and Ferdinand, bright as sunbeams, faced the others.

At one end of the room stood A SPLENDID XMAS TREE, about eight feet high, with its branches decorated prettily, and near by were towers of Xmas presents, about 100 in number.

After a great many presents had been distributed, giving to each an equal number, there were still some left over, and those Mrs. Booth awarded to the Brigade ones who so pleased. It is surprising how many of the

ARMY CHILDREN ARE MUSICAL.

They seem Army born, in truth. Bramwell Collier, Maggie Peacock, three little ones of the Colliers family, Donald McMillan, Walter and Lily Streeton, Tommy Holland, Howie Howell, and many others beside. Victor and Ferdinand Booth displayed their ability to sing the Army songs.

The naive expression on the children's faces, their artless looks, and the BEAMING FACES OF THEIR MOTHERS was a sight indeed, reminding one of the lines: "Yet I was once a mother's pride, And my brave father's hope and joy." Addresses were delivered by Colonel Holland and other officers.

Finally, Mrs. Booth gave a concluding address. Maybe the warm sympathetic atmosphere—the unity of

HIGH AND HOLY PURPOSE

for the children which swelled in each mother's heart there—formed an extraordinary bond between the speaker and her hearers. Mrs. Booth said, we do not ever remember to have heard more intense, more noble, more heart-felt utterances from the lips of our leaders. From the social pleasantness of Christmas Eve, Mrs. Booth turned that meeting round to a most practical and effective completion. Calling to mind her own home life when young, Mrs. Booth's voice was blessed by emotion for an instant. Recovering herself, however, she proceeded with a torrent of feeling exhortation to the parents present to be true to the great trust committed to them in the training of their children. Such words, on such an occasion, cannot be lost.

NOTES.

Mrs. Booth herself collected the donations and toys for this happy occasion.

The Staff Band rendered instrumental entertainment while the children ate, and when the eating was over the children entertained themselves. A whole host of tin trumpets made the music.

We have received Christmas Crys from San Francisco, New York, and London, and cannot notice them briefly in next issue.

THE ROSS-HILTS WEDDING.

Colonel Holland Conducts the Ceremony in the Jubilee Hall.

A HAPPY AND JUBILANT OCCASION.

The solemn and yet important day came at last, a date that two hearts will ever remember. Though stormy the wedding attendant and his wife rushed in good style, and the Jubilee Hall presented a very animated scene, as the Colonel, accompanied by Ensign Ross and Adjutant Hilt, the centre of attraction, came down the aisle and took their places, amid



Ensign Ross.

much and hearty cheering, on the platform. Just previous to this and while the audience waited, the brass band played "I've Left the Devil Behind Me." What connection this had



Ensign Mrs. Ross.

with the spirit of the meeting was not quite clear. Quite a few stray hits were thrown out during the meeting to Captain Crawford and a certain social captain about the marriage question and

THE USUAL TIMOROUS AND THIRDLING ADVISE

was ladled out. All good, and perhaps necessary, I suppose. But to take things as they come. Brigadier Jacobs gave out,

"Oh, I'm Glad I'm Ready."

The solemn and yet important day came at last, a date that two hearts will ever remember. Though stormy the wedding attendant and his wife rushed in good style, and the Jubilee Hall presented a very animated scene, as the Colonel, accompanied by Ensign Ross and Adjutant Hilt, the centre of attraction, came down the aisle and took their places, amid

The wish, which we desire to place on record, was that the happy couple's blessings might be like Niagara and their usefulness like the mighty St. Lawrence. Brigadier Jacobs' good Scotch sense brought some good lessons out of a reading

from II. Corinthians, vi., and then came the event of the evening. It was successfully and creditably done, right the way through. The cheering and applause was immense. Of course, Major Complin had to favor us with a song, with a chorus like "Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!" etc. It was worth a quarter to watch the face of a lady in the front seat as Mother Florence put in her usual smiles. Lost in wonder one minute and tickled to death the next is as near as you can get to it. The husband of ten minutes sang very feebly.

"Let Me Love Thee, Saviour," and gave his testimony, praising God that first and foremost he had sought the interest of the kingdom. We believe it, Ensign.

Then followed Mrs. Ensign Ross, with a clear-cut, pointed testimony to the saving, keeping and sanctifying power of God. For the eight years a Salvationist, she had always sought the guidance of the Spirit in all things, and she still maintained the same determination.

We cannot afford space to devote to the many congratulatory addresses from several prominent staff officers on the platform.

The happy event was brought to a close by a consecration song and prayer, crowds of officers, soldiers and friends pressing their way to the platform after the meeting to wish the Ensign and Mrs. Ross Godspeed. God bless them and attend the all they do, pray all who know them, a host who don't know them, and

JAWJ.

OUR SOLDIERS' ASSEMBLY

Ensign Dowell

or

What is Wanted!

I TELL YOU, my comrades, there is a lack. The soldier can feel a lack. He may not be able always to tell just what it is, but there is something lacking, and he knows it. The sinor will come as far as the door, look in, and you see him no more. Another will come still farther, get as far as the centre of the barracks, stay for a few minutes, and is off.

"THE CAPTAIN preached well to-day."

"Yes, grandly; but I was disappointed," says Brother Smartone.

"Haug nice, but it did not touch the right spot," is Sister Softone's language.

"I gave a beautiful testimony, but it did me no good. It was all grand, but there was something wanting."

"HOW NO YOU like our new Captain?"

"Well, he is a capital man, a nice singer, good preacher, quite witty, and quite earnest, too. I don't think we could get a better, and when the weather improves, I think the barracks will be crowded, and yet with it all there is something—I can hardly tell what. I am so cold and unmoved under it all."

This and other such talk has been used in our barracks of late.

Can anyone tell where the lack is? There is something, and that something must be found out.

I HAVE SEEN a painted fire that looked like real fire, but it wasn't. I have seen painted fruit that was more beautiful than real fruit, but did not taste as well! I have seen a loaf of bread that looked as good as the best, but it wasn't. Theology is good, but THE UNCTION OF THE HOLY GHOST is the important part. Then the thing that is wanted and wished for is

FIRE! FIRE!

Oh, God, give us more FIRE! Everything should be brought to the table but

"With the Blood, and with the Fire We shall conquer all."

Are you, brother, willing to wait at the feet of Jesus till your lack is supplied by the incoming of the Holy Ghost?

(D. O's and P. O's are specially invited to send the Editor short, pointed addresses, suitable for the soldiers' assembly.)

Women's Shelter.

Was it Needed in Queenly Toronto?

Read Below for an Answer.

"HOW dare you talk about my husband! He is superior to yours, anyway."

This was part of the conversation I heard the other evening in our Women's Shelter as I came upstairs, not for the purpose of taking notes for the Cry, but for the object of looking after our one and only shelter rather "theory" that night. It was very amusing to hear them talk, and I almost wished some of the War Cry readers could have heard it. Possibly they might have a better idea of the kind of women we have to deal with.

I went into one of the other rooms for something, and just as I got in I heard a footstep, and looking round I saw an old woman, seventy years of age, just on the brink of the grave, and what is more terrible, just on the brink of hell. It is dreadful to think of, but it must be so, for God's word says that no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven. I asked what is she holding up to her mouth? Can it be possible that it is a whiskey bottle? Too late to take it from her; she has drained it to the very dregs. She asked us when she came in she had none, but we will have to search her next time. She goes back to the room and starts singing, "in the sweet by-and-by."

"Excuse me, Mrs.—I forgot your name," says another voice, "I knew the tune better than you do." So she starts up.

"Hello, Jane, are you asleep?"

"No, dear; what is it?"

"Oh, nothing, only I guess I'll go down and have a smoke."

I try to persuade her to go to bed and sleep, but no, nothing will do, she must have her pipe and her smoke.

"Well, Lieutenant, I am going to try again," says another woman, as she comes up the stairs to get her few belongings.

"Well, Mrs. S., I hope you'll lean on the strong arm of God. It's no use trusting in your own strength, you know that."

"Yes, that's how I gave way before. I thought I was getting along all right, and trusted too much in myself. You'll pray for me, won't you, Lieutenant?"

"Yes, I will. Good night."

"Poor soul! Six weeks ago she came to the Shelter drunk and filthy, no one to care for her. We did our best for her. She got a situation as laundress, for she is a good worker, and was getting on well. But temptation overcame her, and in four days her month's wages, ten dollars, was

ALL SPENT IN DRINK.

How sad and heart-broken we felt when she came back to us, so dirty and drunk. Isn't it discouraging, you ask? Yes, when we look at the dark side of it, but, like everything else, there is also a bright side, and that bright side is when we shall stand before God's throne, and see some of these poor creatures, who, by some loving word or kind deed, have been led to the inner's shelter. We may know nothing of it here on earth, but it will be revealed on that day. And if we have won one soul to Christ, is it not worth all the discouragements? But we want to save more than one. Our desire and ambition is to see them ALL brought to our Jesus. Of course, they are very wicked and deceitful. A little while ago I thought of the mind of one woman who came in the Shelter a few months ago. She had been drinking some, so I said to her, "You've been drinking to-night, haven't you?"

"Oh, no," she said.

"Oh, but I smell it on you," I said.

"You're mistaken. I've been eating a little piece of pork, and that's what smells."

"I have not been drinking for some weeks."

I said no more, but thought to myself, it was a new kind of pork.

What a hold the drink has on these poor women! The devil leads them to do and say whatever he likes, and they are such hard cases to do anything with, but God has helped us in the past, and He will help us in

the future. His blood can make the vilest clean. His blood can avail for each one of us.

LIEUT. J. M. McCANN.

ONE OF THE "GANG" TAKEN HOME.

Happy Bob is no More.

WINNIPEG.—God has been visiting this city in a mysterious way of late. On Monday morning the news came that three souls had met death by the hands of a building in which they were sleeping.

We had not ceased thinking over this sad affair when on the following morning one of the well-known gang of Winnipeg came to the quarters and told us of the sad and sudden death of one of their number.

HAPPY BOB,

as the boys all called him. He would have been home with his dear old mother inside of an hour, but he was home to be with Jesus. The influence of his death upon us in Army circles has been felt deeply by soldier and sinner as well, seeing that Brother Stewart had but recently been a sinner, and was now a saint, and was the love and esteem of all his own ranks. At the meeting following his death five souls found salvation. Fear of the number belong to the gang, and were close friends of our departed brother. It was a sight never to be forgotten. We pray that the realm may mean a full consecration of every soldier and the salvation of many sinners. It's but a step between us and death.

ENSIGN A. GOODWIN.

Picked Up About Edmonton.

BY OLD-TIMER.

Capt. G.—"Brother T., don't you want to get your uniform?"

Brother T.—"No, Captain."

Capt. G.—"Why, Brother T., don't you want a guernsey?"

Brother T. (reflecting a moment)—"Have you any white ones, with milk and water across the front. By wearing one of that kind I might get aslamed, and be more out-and-out for God."

"Be out-and-out!" If you would persuade others to follow Him Who died to save.

The following conversation took place in the Junior meeting:—

"Supposing I take a pencil and slate and write on it a number of words, large and small, and after getting through writing I take a damp sponge and rub over the slate; can anyone tell me where the words are?"

One little girl answered, "On the sponge."

"Correct."

"Our hearts are like the slate, on which is recorded all our sins, and we must remember we cannot rub them off ourselves. We must have Jesus to come in with the sponge, damped with His blood before these sins can be removed. He, like the sponge, came to take our sin upon Himself that we might go free, having our hearts washed in His blood."

Brother F. K. was engaged painting some signs for a firm, which he had to put "Wines, Liquors, and Cigars." He finished the rest of the signs but these three words. The boss asked, "What about this? Are you going to put new words on?" "No, you will have to do that yourself. I cannot put them on there, then testify that I am saved and sanctified."

A Picture in an Italian Mountain.—A Norwegian had taken a picture to pray at the hour of prayer. So that no time should be lost, an angel was going on with the ploughing for him.

Men reflect little; they read carelessly; they judge hastily, and they receive opinions as they receive money, because it is current coin.—Catholic Register.

No man can begin to mould himself on a faith or an idea without rising to a higher order of experience.

For evermore. He has not led me so tenderly thus far to forsake me at the very gate of Heaven.—Julius.

Central Ont. Province.

SUNDAY.—Self-Denial a great success, more of at least \$50 beyond our target. Hallelujah! Splendid meetings, good crowds. We're determined to hammer away at the devil's kingdom, and all he's help lead many to the cross. A. B., for Eusebio Gibbs and Capt. May.

ST. CATHARINES.—I feel it my duty to chronicle the Self-Denial battle. The week has given new life and inspiration to one and all. We are all unitedly determined to win victory in our corps. I feel we cannot succeed without the Divine aid. Upon His arm let us place our reliance for support.—William Lewis, Captain.

PORT PERRY.—Self-Denial a success. Past our target. Came off more than our conquerors. Walked 208 miles, and called at every house within six miles of Port Perry.—Wm. Cummins, Captain.

LITTLE CURRENT, MANITOULIN ISLAND.—Since coming here God has helped us to warm the sinners faithfully. God has been saving souls. We have seen fifteen fall at the cross and cry for mercy. Some of them are going to be real blood-bought sinners. One gentleman said that he has not heard such preaching for forty years. Praise God, he's as good converted. We have been taking a trip around in behalf of S.-D. and the people received us gladly. They want us to come again.—Leut. Titus, for Capt. Prast.

WHITBY.—A number of soldiers, led by Capt. Barker and Capt. Pollard, went around the country holding meetings for the extension of God's kingdom. The first village was KINGSLEY. The soldiers were well received. They had a good lively Salvation Army meeting. Bob Kelly told how the Army picked a poor drunkard like he was and made a good citizen of him. He now had a good home, a cow, two pigs, and a stable. The next appointment was Brooklin, where we met Ensign Taylor, of Bowmanville. Captain Sims and Captain Cummins of Port Perry were here in a lively meeting. A coffee social was provided after the meeting.

GREENWOOD was the next place. Bro. Routledge, of Brooklin, told how he was misbaptized for two years. He was visiting the Methodist church, and graduated into the Salvation Army. He is a very hot Salvationist to-day. **BROTHAM** was reached next, where, to our surprise, we found Staff-Capt. Harrgrave, late of Brudenell, was visiting there. We pitched in and had a good meeting. The people liked us, and told us to come again. On our way home we called at AUBURN, where the Methodist church was holding a social, and the best meeting of all. The church was filled. At **WHITBY** on Sunday a poor drunkard knelt at the pentecost form, crying like a child.—A.B.

East Ont. Province.

POINT ST. CHARLES.—Sunday all day we had Ensign MacMunn, from No. 1, with us. Some of our S.-D. Tuesday night we announced a S.-D. as a bean supper, also the results of S.-D. would be made known. We are glad to say we got the victory, and came out with a clean side to the target. Glory be to God!—W. O'Rourke, S.-D.

KINGSTON.—Everything booming. Funeral service of Dad Byron. Impressive time. Brass band to the front. Having a week of holiness meetings; numbers seeking the blessing. Captains farewells on Sunday.—Consett.

MONTREAL I.—Capt. Bryan came to assist. Ensign and all his helpers have been pushing Self-Denial. We claim the victory through the precious blood. Nine souls for the day.—Lewds Express.

ODESSA.—Good times in view for Oleson. Holy Ghost refreshing times. Soldiers getting on fire and desperate for souls. We had one soul last Sunday. Being given a break in his ranks. Now barracks progressing fine. It is going to be a dandy; except to have it dedicated in January.—J. Fridmore, Capt.

WINTH.—Sunday morning at knec-drill one brother, a church member, got liberty in his soul. There were fourteen present. How is that. Mr. Effitor, out of a corps of about nineteen. (That's) pretty fair.—Ed. Wednesday last, Ensign McIlwain was

with us, and enrolled three recruits. We have more ready. On Thursday one backslider returned to the fold.—Cadet Bloss.

PETERBORO.—God is blessing our every effort, and precious souls are being saved. Hallelujah! Wednesday night was a holy night of prayer. All day Sunday God's presence was felt. A grand open-air in the afternoon. Sunday night a wonderful time for souls. Hallelujah!—Sergt. May Lang.

Western Province.

CARBERRY.—One hundred dollars was our target, and we went at it with might and main, and we struck above it. The town was canvassed, the merchants written to and called upon personally, outlying villages stormed, and when all was reckoned up our receipts were \$153, with some comrades yet to hear from. Our grand total will be in the neighborhood of \$100. To God be all the glory.—Joe E.

NEPEAWA.—Thursday night meeting, shooting at the S.-D. target. Knocked the half-way all to pieces. Left after meeting for Carberry with the G. B. M. B. P. At (What's that?)—Ed. Arrived 4 a.m. Meet box man went east on train. I went west to Brudenell with the S.-D. booklet. I returned to Carberry. How tired I was. I. Capt. Elliott kindly came on in my place with his horse, "Tag." I took his meetings. Started home; horse ran away; thanked God I was in a jumper instead of a bag. Thanked God more that I was in His hands. Horse got tired of running away and stopped. Arrived home all O.K., ready for another go at his next morning's meeting. Two put themselves on the altar, one wrote out an application for the field, and the other for full salvation. Hallelujah! The best evening draught for a soul that the Spirit of God is striving with is "Obey."—Arthur Wilkins, Capt.

PORT ARTHUR.—In Port Arthur we are surrounded by some very kind friends and some practical sympathizers. S.-D. target for corps, \$175. Although someone said we would never get it, over \$200 was given, with cheerful hearts. It was a week of blessing. Kneec-drill six o'clock every morning, special meetings at night, also a night of prayer. God was with us. He always does, those that wait upon Him.—Capt. Thomas and Lieut. Hammond.

WAINPETON, N.D.—Just a few lines to say we are having victory. We have just opened this city, and already can report success. Our hall is full every night. It holds about three hundred people. Eight souls have come to God and got saved. We are believing that very soon many more will have the name of sin and come to God. Yours to win.—Ensign Leo.

VIRDEN, MAN.—We've been and gone and done it. What? Why, hit our S.-D. target, and gone over it. As a grand finale we had a trades' union meeting, the soldiers representing in their different trades. Everybody enjoyed it. At our Friday night holiness meeting one dinner came out and got right. War Cry all sold Saturday and customers not all supplied. (Too bad! Why not rise 7-Ed.)—Busin.

GRAND FORKS, N.D.—Arrived at Garrison after spending one day in Winnipeg and two in Graton. Had real good meetings in both places, with one hundred souls for salvation. Enjoyed our glorious life. Monday night our good case of conversion. Man saved who had been a morphine, whiskey and cigarette fiend nearly all his life. He is making progress. All other volunteers for salvation during the week. Had good meetings on Sunday. Two out for holiness in the morning and one for salvation at night.—B. Parkinson, Cadet.

GRAFTON, N.D.—Two souls this week, and many more are desiring victory. The Major, Adjutant, and Ensign have been here. Two recruits were enrolled, and a baby given to the Lord. Victory! Victory! is our cry. We are on a good ground.—Capt. E. Kemp, Lieut. L. Gibbs.

Atlanta corps gave 500 children a free dinner. They enjoyed it all.

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

DILLON, MONT.—The war here still goes on. Souls continue to come to Jesus. Some of the boys who attend the meetings are giving up drink and tobacco, preparatory to getting saved. They seem to think they must do that first. Last night there were two souls came and got saved, and after the meeting there was a controversy going on between two unsaved boys, which was to carry the drum when they got saved. While we were out walking yesterday a dear woman got sanctified. We will pour the devil's kingdom down.—E. Briery, Capt.

NANAIMO.—Our week of Self-Denial has been a week of blessing. We finished with a nationality meeting on Saturday night, which was a decided

Here we found many warm-hearted friends. We held meetings at Mrs. Weismann's house, who is a soldier. After we visited all the houses in Shoe Cove, we started off for Lacey, where Bro. Uetz lives, another soldier. We found the people very kind. About twenty of us met together. We visited next all the houses in the place, and prayed with the people. That day we started for home. We held three meetings, visited thirty-five houses, prayed in thirty-two, collected \$100.00. We were very successful, lost the best of her boot in the mud, and some kind man went and found it and nailed it on again.—K. H.

JACKSON'S COVE, N.F.L.D.—Not long ago I travelled 240 miles to hear Commandant Booth. Thank God, I have been well paid for Lacey, where I have been blessed and made strong by the Spirit of God to go forward in His battles. I do thank God for the one officers has come to the front. Since the officers have come, such as souls have been blessed and saved. Glory to God.—S. M.

Eastern Province.

HALIFAX I.—Our Self-Denial Week ended in victory. Faith triumphant, knowing not defeat or fear. The Salvation Army is quite a live concern in Halifax yet. On Friday night a wanderer returned to the fold. Two souls at the cross in Sunday night's meeting. War Cry still booming. Victory ahead.—Sergt.-Major Carlin. **ACADIA MINES, N.S.**—S.-D. Week is over. We realized \$40. Hallelujah! God was with us in power, and helped us as wonderfully. The soldiers fought us for lantern service. Capt. Bishop leaving us to-day on ten days' furlough. Victory is our motto.—D. Hady.

NEWCASTLE.—We had with us on Tuesday evening our D. O. Ensign Tiley. Two of the Christian soldiers came along, and a comrade from Moncton. On Thursday, Capt. and Mrs. Knight returned the Ensign's wife, while our Sergt.-Major led the meeting on Sunday night.—Corrie Reeves, L.A.L.I.

HALIFAX II.—During the command of our present officers, Capt. and Mrs. Jennings, many souls have sought and found our saviour. S.-D. Week was a week of blessing to our sons. The people were so glad, which our Captain appeared drew us nearer to God. We reached our target. Captains believe in making everybody work. His own little boy, who is only three months old, was a personal target of five dollars. He is like his papa: he gets there all right.—A Friend.

West Ont. Province.

GALT.—The past week indeed one of holiness. We all say, God bless Brigadier Margerite for the lift he gave us. Come again soon! On Sunday the Lord was with us in power all day. High time at knec-drill. Holiness meeting, full; every heart felt the presence of God. Two souls surrendered. Free-and-easy something new. Testimony meeting, led by four soldiers. Everybody on the go. Bandmaster and band led powerful salvation meeting at night.—Voa.

I MET WITH **BRIGADIER MARGERITS** at Galt, and received great blessing and various instructions for the lift he gave us. An accident returning from Galt after night meeting. Broke the axis of our rig.

A. N., who let us have another, and fixed the broken one, and charged \$1.50 for doing it. Haven't yet met the man who will give a donation to pay it.

"SUNSHINE" and his wife several times since the wedding, smiling and happy. **THE YOUNG MAN** who was kept out of the barracks for misbehavior, of course he never disturbed the meeting. "We're all boys." **THE YOUNG MAN** who left the meeting about three weeks ago so under conviction that he couldn't hold back the tears. I couldn't persuade him to come. I expect to meet the same man at the Judgment, and he'll have to meet me. My God, what a meeting!—Capt. Charlie Stager, Bertha.



CAPT. BRADSHAW AND LIEUT. QUAY, in National Outfits at Nanaimo, B.C.

success. The march was led by the Captain in Scottish costume, and Lieutenant in Norwegian dress, followed by others representing different countries. Although it was a very disagreeable night, a large crowd stood and looked on, and listened to the open-air, undoubtedly wondering where that Highlander with the kilt on came from, and the American Indian who so lustily sang.

"War, war, war, war."
"We're marching on to war."

A good crowd followed to the barracks, where a rousing meeting kept them interested. Good meetings all day Sunday, with one soul for salvation.—Jus. Slack.

DILLON, MONT.—Four souls since last report. We have a drummer now, and the two Black Lamb who were washed white when they came to Jesus. Still there's more to follow. One big fish, who weighs over 200 pounds.—Captain Briery.

GREAT FALLS, MONT.—Our meetings are getting better. Thursday night we announced a S.-D. target. The biggest hypocrite in town. One comrade said in testifying, "Hypocrite or no, friends, I know I am saved." Great wondering who it was, but it turned out to be the devil.—M. A. Wale, Ensign.

Newfoundland Province.

TILT COVE.—A visit from our D. O. Ensign Freeman proved a blessing and inspiration to us all. He was detained here a week through stormy weather. Eight souls sought the blessing of a clean heart. Four backsliders returned. Our women felt so burdened down by sin that she had to come to the pentecost-form in the first of the meeting. She got blessedly saved. Sunday night, the last night Ensign had with us, was a very powerful time. Two backsliders returned.

SCILLY COVE, N.F.L.D.—Our meetings the past week have been good, and well attended. Six souls have been saved, and many more are desiring victory. Our corps is in a good spiritual condition. Praise God! The officers and soldiers are all smiling happy, especially Father Brinson.—J. H.

TILT COVE, N.F.L.D.—During Little Dick we visited all the Little Coves around. Left Tilt Cove in a little boat, Secretary, Lieutenant, and myself. Two brothers were kind enough to take us as far as Shoe Cove.



GLANCING at one of our Homo girls, who had come to stay a few days until able to get another situation, and who was busily engaged during the lull in the office, we could but notice on the quiet face traces of many a fierce storm encountered in those bygone days, which now seem almost like a troubled dream.

The question came: "Was it the drink brought you down, Dora. How did you first come to take it?"

"Yes, it was the drink," and a cloud passed over her face. "I hardly ever talk about it, but it happened like this: My husband was a carpenter, and was working in the hold of a large ship that was in the docks. She was to be launched that day. The flags were flying, and everything was gay: lots of ladies and gentlemen were on board. It was on the Clyde river, and she was named the Dolphin. They let go the ropes and she dived down like a duck, and

WENT TO THE BOTTOM.

When the divers went down to get the bodies, they found the men with the tools in their hands. Just as they were working to finish off a little fixing inside, she went down, and they were all drowned. When they brought my poor dead body home to me, I thought my reason would give way. He was always a kind man. Then after that, my only child, my little boy, five years old, died. I got some money after my husband's death, and friends advised me while I had youth on my side to come to Canada, that I could get along well there. I came over, and I was

SO LONELY I BEGAN TO DRINK.

As soon as I took a glass, I must have more. I did not know that the appetite was there."

"No. If I had been as good as my father and mother I should have been all right. Some people think it must be hereditary when you have such a craving for it, but it's not always so. I used to work hard, and then, when I got my money, some of the women I knew would get me to stand treat; then the first thing, all my hard earnings would be gone.

"One day they took my purse out of my pocket, and I was left without a cent."

"Well, Dora, but how did you get saved at last?" we ventured to interpose. "Was it when you came to the Home?"

"I had been in the Home several times before, and went and got situated," she replied. "I was at last brought up to believe in God, but you see it's the simple way of thinking Jesus as your own Saviour seems to stand in people's way. There was a lady I knew, and she used to talk to me, and one day she said to me when I was worried over some

TROUBLE THAT I DREADED,

"Dora, when the women were going to the tomb to anoint the body of the Saviour, they were saying to each other, 'Who will roll us away the stone?' but when they got there the stone was rolled away, and it may be with your troubles, and, believe me, it was just so, my trouble never came. She was a beautiful lady."

Dora's eyes seemed to glance with a softened light as she went on, with the memory of the saintly woman who had first helped her to see there was a reality in salvation.

"But how I came to be saved, I came into the Home one night. I had

only had a couple of glasses of ale. Captain said, 'You had better

STAY TO-NIGHT, DORA,

and I said, 'Well, just for one night,' but the next day I was so sick I could not go, but I believe the Lord had a hand in it. I was very bad, and knew if I died I should go to hell. At night I laid on my bed and didn't know what to do; my sins looked like great mountains before me. I was badly convicted. One night, after tea, we were on our knees praying, and the Captain started that song,

"To Thy cross I come, Lord;
There for me is room, Lord;
Poor unworthy me, yes, even me,"

and I said, 'Yes, Lord, even me, I come,' and then I asked Him to pardon all my sins. He did, and He gave me peace in my soul, and took the desire of the drink away. That's five months ago, and I have never wanted it since. I've had some hard battles. In my situation they were all ungodly people, servants and all. I thought perhaps the Lord had sent me there to do something for Him, but when I spoke to them

THEY ONLY LAUGHED AT ME.

I tried to get some of the girls to get a little prayer meeting up in our room on New Year's eve, that we might thank God for keeping us through another year, but they told me not to bother them, so I just knelt down and prayed myself."

We could do nothing as we looked at the reverent expression on Dora's face, but give God all the glory for thus honoring our labors for Him in saving her precious soul. Scores of just such wrecked lives drift into our Rescue Homes throughout the world, and leave them again with new hope, new hearts, and with the Heavenly Pilot on board, who will carry them through life's roughest seas. What are you doing to help this Rescue work?

ADJUT. COWAN.

THE ARK, VICTORIA, B.C.

"How's the Shelter, Ensign?" we asked of the presiding genius of that institution the other day.

"Going ahead like a house on fire," was his answer.

The Shelter throughout retains its splotch and span appearance, which visitors so admire, after the wear and tear of six months.

The reading room is being well patronized during the dull, dreary days. No less than 5,013 meals have been given out since May 6th, and all these have been paid or worked for. The wood-yard is doing a flourishing business. A new wood-cart has been purchased, and now two halibut boats are kept busily engaged in delivering wood in different parts of the city.

Our readers will have a slight idea of what is going on in this branch of the work done in the Shelter when being informed that 170 cords of wood have been cut and delivered since the opening.

This has been the outcome of plenty of hard work, but the men appreciate the privilege the S. A. gives them of paying their way.

The Shelter officers are also endeavoring to win them for God, and several good cases of conversion could be related. 1,570 men have taken advantage of the dormitory, and the numbers are increasing. A.E.R.

TRUE TO HIS COLORS!

A Few Items in the Life of C.B.M. Agent JAMES VANCE, of Sunbury.

James Vance, L. B. Agent for Sunbury, was born near Guelph, Ontario, and was saved eleven years ago in a Salvation Army meeting. He served as a soldier for some time, was accepted as an officer, and did service at Wyoming, Durham, Teeswater, Wrexeter, Harriston, and Kingston. Retired from field work, and for some

time has been a soldier at Sunbury, Ont. During the past year he has been successful as an agent. His two little boys also take a great interest in the boxes. He is determined to advance each quarter.

A man may suffer without committing sin, but he cannot sin without suffering.

Gold in the pockets of a man makes him greater; there is naught but grace in his heart which can make him better.

TRADE DEPARTMENT!

BIBLES.

New and Large Assortment added to our Stock.

CHEAPER THAN EVER!

Any Size and Type desired.

Send for Catalogue.

WATCHES!

MEN'S

Open Silver Watches.

Stem Wind, Waltham Movement.

\$8, \$9, and \$16.

LADIES'

Open Silver Watches.

Stem Wind, Waltham Movement.

\$9.00.

SOMETHING NEW!

FINGER TESTAMENTS,
Morocco Cover, Gilt Edges. 60c.

Smallest that can be bought.

TO THE LADIES!

UNDERVERSTS—35cts., 50cts., 75cts.
GLOVES—15cts., 20cts., 30cts.
HOSE—20cts., 30cts., 50cts.

They're Going Great!

We mean our HEAVY SERGES, at \$12.00, \$18.00, and \$15.50. Send along your order.

HANDS DOWN, and give Our FUR CAPS a chance at your ears.—\$2.00, \$3.25, \$4, \$5, \$5.50, \$6, \$6.50, and \$7.

We Don't Keep Tea!

WE SELL IT!

And a splendid lot it is too! You can get it at 30cts., 40cts., or 50cts.

If you live in Toronto, drop Sergt. Langbern, S. A. Temple, a post card, and he'll bring you any style you want.

AS WARM AS WARM.

MEN'S CARDIGAN JACKETS—A genuine New Stock, extra heavy, superior quality—all wool. Will let them go to you at \$3.50, seeing you're not a bad sort.

What is Your Motto?

Beautiful selection of mottoes now in stock:

Shield (large)	13c
Shield (small)	10c
Scrolls	15c
Floral	10c
Fans	15c
Three-fold Screens	35c
"Christ is Lord," etc.	35c
Rules for 70-day	18c
General's Message (with photo) ..	15c
Mrs. (Gen.) Booth's do. do.	10c

WANTED AT ONCE!

Copies of the Canadian Cry for Dec. 9th, 1893, and Nov. 24th, 1894.

Should any reader have these to spare, we should esteem it a great kindness if they could let us have them.

The Salvation Army International Trade Headquarters.

All Classes of GOODS Bought and Sold, Commissions undertaken: customers' interests carefully guarded: world-wide facilities: can command best prices. Quotations given for Goods, freight and duty paid to destination.

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THE YOUNG SOLDIER,

the glorious work of Salvation among the children of Canada, Newfoundland, and North-West America.

THE WAR CRY

CONTAINS ALL THE LATEST news of the war, and articles by the General, and Adjutants of the Salvation Army, and by the Officers and Soldiers. It is a most efficient way to spread Salvation, and by increasing the circulation of THE WAR CRY, who the devotion of the Army, but to arouse all who read it to a more self-sacrificing and earnest action upon the kingdom of the World One, and the more consistent efforts to extend the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Printed with all S. A. publications, by JOHN W. G. B. at the S. A. PRINTING HOUSE, 18 Albert Street, Toronto.

SALVATION SONGS.

Our Salvation Navy.

Tune—"Come, shout and sing," or
"The Blood of Jesus cleanses
white as snow," B.J. 19.

1 Oh, the Army lifeboat rides secure
Through every driving gale,
And speeds to rescue from the depths
The souls whose bitter wail
Arouses every heart to nobly do their
part,
And save the struggling souls who
soon must fall.

Chorus.

Now, altogether, lands and seasies, bend
to the oar;
Heeding not the rolling billows, bend
to the oar;
Our boat is Gospel sound, she answers
with a bound
To every stroke while bending to the
oar.

Oh, many deeds of bravery our life-
boat crew have done,
And many million ship-wrecked souls
have from the depths been won;
Our Captain never fails to face the
fiercest gales,
And Him we'll follow till the work is
done.

There will be great hurrahing in the
Salior's Home at last,
And many souls will greet us then
who stood the stormy blast:
Our Captain will be there, with crews
from everywhere,
Rejoicing that we're safely Home at
last.

The Grand Decision.

Tune—"The Fatal Wedding."

2 The Army, after marching to their
barracks, went to bed
How they'd been washed in Jesus'
blood, and saved from death and
hell;
A dinner with his burden came, he
felt that he should go
To Christ, whose precious blood could
wash, and keep him white as
snow.
The Captain saw his wretched look,
and to him made her way,
She told him of the Christ Who said,
"I am the True, the Way."
He told him that if he would just
repent, and then believe,
A full and free salvation he through
Christ would surely receive.

Chorus.

Whilst the blessed words were ringing
in the wretched sinner's ears,
Whilst the soldiers were rejoicing
in the love that casts out fears,
Then he made the grand decision,
that from sin he would depart,
Now a soldier, he's rejoicing in a pure
and upright heart.

He thought the matter over and he
counted every cost,
He saw if he rejected Christ he surely
would be lost;
He said, "I'll go," and to the front
he bravely made his way,
And unto Christ, God's only Son, he
earnestly did pray,
'Twas when he said, "Lord, I believe,"
the light to him did come,
He knew his sins were pardoned then
the blood of Christ, God's Son;
And so if you, poor sinner, will just
take Him at His word,
A full salvation you shall have thro'
Jesus Christ the Lord.

—A. Bailey, Sudbury, Ont.

After Death, the Judgment.

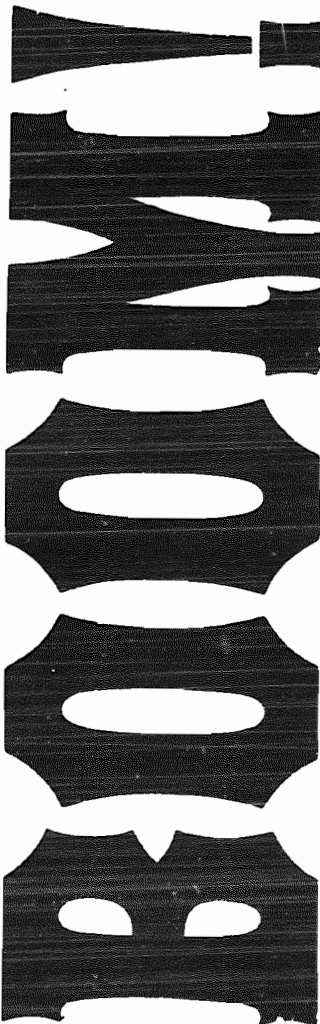
Tune—"I dare do all for Thee."

3 We are all hastening on to the
Judgment,
Each day brings us nearer our doom,
What a sad, sad thing it is in Heaven
For us shall be found no room.

Chorus.

The Judgment! The Judgment!
Oh, how will you face the Judge?
The Judgment! The Judgment!
Oh, how will you face the Judge?

*No, Soldiers of Jesus!
Attention! Prepare to Ad-
vance! Hurrah for the great
War Cry Boom!*



*It concerns you. Every
Man, Woman, and Child
should take part. Prepare
for the 1st Week in February.*

Oh, you, who have wasted your tal-
ents,
By serving the devil so long,
You cannot expect to see Jesus,
Or dwell with the glorified throng.

You must meet the pale horse and his
fate,
The hearse will soon stop at your
door,
Your body be laid in the graveyard,
But your soul, it must live ever-
more.

Eternity! where will you spend it?
In Heaven, with angels so bright,
Or shall you be cast into darkness?
Just settle this question to-night.
—Capt. Josh Jones, Oshawa.

Refuge in Jesus.

Tune—"Stella," B.J. 25; "Gove-
nment," B.B. 21, or "Euphony,"
B.J. 138.

4 There is a calm, a peace, a rest,
Which Jesus plants within the
breast
Of those who truly seek from Him
That pardoning grace from every sin;
His loving arms outstretched to thee,
Poor sinner, come, and happy be.

Chorus.

Oh, the blood of Jesus.

Thy path, poor soul, is dark and
drear,
Thy burden more than thou can'st
bear,
To save thy soul from fear and guilt,
Our loving Lord His blood has
spent
For thee on that accursed tree,
That thou from sin may be set free.

Poor trembling soul, no longer stay
in sin, but choose the narrow way:
No matter how despised with sin,
The Lord will surely take thee in;
His blood will cleanse thee from all
guilt,
And thou shalt ever praise His name.

—H. Duncan, Montreal I.

Power we Crave.

Tune—"Come, brethren dear," B.B. 6;
"Praise," B.J. 143, or "Come on,
my partners," B.J. 190.

5 Dear Jesus, send Thy power just
now,
And keep us to our sacred vow,
To give up all for Thee;
Oh, send the Spirit, consume our sin,
And make us clean and right within,
And set us each one free!

Thy Spirit give each soldier dear,
To sacrifice their all down here,
And full salvation see!
Oh, let it come just now, dear Lord,
And keep our every thought and word,
Oh, make us more like Thee!

For souls we'll crave, and mighty
pleads,
In Jesus' name will hard believe,
And trust in Him for aye;
We'll praise Him for the victories
won,
And for the victories still to come:
By faith we'll win the day.

Right with Thee, Lord.

Tune—"Close to Thee": "Bless me
now," or "I am trusting, fully
trusting" (with old chorus).

6 Though the hosts of hell assail me
Black as night my vision be:
Not one human voice to cheer me
Thou hast kept me right with Thee.

Chorus.

Right with Thee: Right with Thee!
Right with Thee, Lord, right with
Thee!

Not one human voice to cheer me
Thou hast kept me right with Thee.

In the field, the battle raging,
I'll face Thy foes, tho' strong they
be:

Knowing how Thy arms are round me
While my heart beats true to Thee.

Oh, that all the world would prove
Thee
Savior from all sin to be!
We will bring them to the Fountain
That can make them right with
Thee.